

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

*M. Page.* Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?)

*Mist. Ford.* How now my *Eyas-Musker*, what newes

*Rob.* My *M. Sir John* is come in at your backe doore  
(*Mist. Ford.* and requests your company.

*M. Page.* You little lack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs  
*Rob.* I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your  
being heere: and hath threatend to put me into euil-las-  
ting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne  
me away.

*Mist. Pag.* Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine  
shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new dou-  
blet and hose. Ile go hide me.

*M. Ford.* Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mis-  
tris Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

*Mist. Pag.* I warrant thee, if I do not aet it, hisse me.

*Mist. Ford.* Go too then: we'll vse this vnwholsome  
humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him  
to know Turtles from Iayes.

*Fal.* Haue I caught thee, my heavenly Iewell? Why  
now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the  
period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

*Mist. Ford.* O sweet *Sir John*.

*Fal.* *Mist. Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist.  
Ford.* now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband  
were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would  
make thee my Lady.

*Mist. Ford.* I your Lady *Sir John*? Alas, I should bee a  
pittifull Lady.

*Fal.* Let the Court of France shew me such another:  
I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou  
hast the right arch'd-beauty of the brow, that becometh  
the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian  
admirance.

*Mist. Ford.* A plaine Kerchiefe, *Sir John*:  
My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make  
an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote,  
would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-  
circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy  
foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not  
hide it.

*Mist. Ford.* Belecue me, ther's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me loue thee? Let that perswade  
thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I  
cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie  
of these lipping-haithorne buds, that come like women  
in mens apparel, and smell like Bucklers-berry in sim-  
ple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and  
thou deseru'st it.

*M. Ford.* Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue *M. Page*.  
*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the  
Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of  
a Lime-kill.

*Mist. Ford.* Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,  
And you shall one day finde it.

*Fal.* Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;  
Or else I could not be in that minde.

*Rob.* *Mist. Ford*, *Mist. Ford*: heere's *Mist. Page* at  
the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildely,  
and would needs speake with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me, I will enconce me behinde  
the Arras.

*M. Ford.* Pray you do so, she's a very ratling woman,  
Whats the matter? How now?

*Mist. Page.* O *mist. Ford* what haue you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

*M. Ford.* What's the matter, good *mist. Page*?

*M. Page.* O weladay, *mist. Ford*, hauing an honest man  
to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspicion.

*M. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*M. Page.* What cause of suspicion? Out vpon you:  
How am I mistooke in you?

*M. Ford.* Why (alas) what's the matter?

*M. Page.* Your husband's comming hether (*Woman*)  
with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-  
man, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your  
consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are  
vndone.

*M. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*M. Page.* Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such  
a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's com-  
ming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such  
a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe  
cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend heere,  
conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your  
senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to  
your good life for euer.

*M. Ford.* What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my  
deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much,  
as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were  
out of the house.

*M. Page.* For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and  
you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bebinke  
you of some conuycance: in the house you cannot hide  
him. Oh, how haue you decei'd me? Look, heere is a  
basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe  
in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were  
going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by  
your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

*M. Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:  
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

*M. Page.* What *Sir John Falstaffe*? Are these your let-  
ters, Knight?

*Fal.* I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in  
heere: ile neuer—

*M. Page.* Helpe to couer your master (*Boy*;) Call  
your men (*Mist. Ford*;) You dissembling Knight.

*M. Ford.* What *John, Robert, John*; Go, take vp these  
clothes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffer? Look  
how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Dac-  
chet mead*: quickly, come.

*Ford.* Pray you come nere if I suspect without cause,  
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest,  
I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

*Ser.* To the Landresse forsooth?

*M. Ford.* Why, what haue you to doe whether they  
beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Bucke? I would I could wash my selfe of *5 Bucke*:  
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,  
And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my  
dreme: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my  
Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'll  
vknennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now  
vnapce.

*Page.* Good master *Ford*, be contented: hisse  
You wrong your selfe too much.

*Ford.* True (*master Page*) vp Gentlemen, bid  
You shall see sport anon:

Follow

## Scena Quarta.

Enter *Fenton*, *Anne*, *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*,  
*Quickly*, *Page*, *Mist. Page*.

*Fen.* I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,  
Therefore no more turne me to him (*sweet Nan*.)

*Anne.* Alas, how then?

*Fen.* Why thou must be thy selfe.

He doth object, I am too great of birth,  
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,

I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other barres he layes before me,

My Riots past, my wilde Societies,

And tels me 'tis a thing impossible

I should loue thee, but as a property.

*An.* May be he tels you true.

No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,

Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth

Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne*.)

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew

Then stamper in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:

And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,

That now I ayne at.

*An.* Gentle *M. Fenton*,

Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,

If opportunity and humblest suite

Cannot attaine it, why then haue you hither.

*Shal.* Breake their talke *Mist. Quickly*,

My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

*Shal.* He make a shaft or a bolt on't, tis but ventu-  
(ring.)

*Shal.* Be not dismayd.

*Shal.* No, she shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

*Qu.* Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speake a word with you

*An.* I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O what a world of wilde ill-fanour'd faults

Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

*Qui.* And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

*Shal.* Shee's comming; to her Coz:

O boy, thou hadst a father.

*Shal.* I had a father (*M. An*) my vncler can tel you good

iests of him: pray you Vncler tel *Mist. Anne* the iest how

my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vncler.

*Shal.* *Mist. Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

*Shal.* I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glo-

cestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

*Shal.* I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the

degree of a Squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds

ioynture.

*Anne.* Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for him-  
selfe.

*Shal.* Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for

that good comfort: she calls you (*Coz*) Ile leaue you.

*Anne.* Now Master *Slender*.

*Shal.* Pray you go, *M. Page*.

*Anne.* I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the

lowfie knaue, mine Host.

*Shal.* Datis good by gar, withall my heart.

*Anne.* A lowfie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his moc-  
keries.

Exeunt.